

The Kansas Chief.

SOL. MILLER, - - - - EDITOR.

WHITE CLOUD, KANSAS:

Thursday, : : : August 12, 1863.

Honor to Whom Honor is Due.—The Conservative, in speaking of the mustering in of Company A, 14th Kansas Cavalry, says:

"Capt. Willett having been so successful in recruiting, will be detailed by Gen. Blunt in Northern Kansas to raise a battalion."

We dislike to see men receive all the credit, who have done very little of the work. Had it not been for the assistance of others, Willett would never have raised a Company. We do not know how many men are now "left out in the cold," who were promised the position of Lieutenant in that Company, for raising men; but when the men were turned over, these persons were set aside, and others who had men to turn over, were given the places. To Capt. David belongs the credit of raising Willett's Company. He did nearly all the work, and spent most (if not all) of the money in doing it. When that Company left, he went right to work to raise another; and last week, when that one left to be mustered in, he still continued working, and has a third Company under fine progress. He has spent hundreds of dollars in this work, and labored unceasingly. Capt. Willett will raise no battalion in Northern Kansas. A battalion will be raised here, but it will be through the efforts of Captain David. He is the man who is entitled to the position of 1st Major in the Kansas 14th; and if the place is given to any other man, as we understand is being attempted, and as the signs of the times indicate, the grossest injustice will be done.

"UNCONDITIONAL UNIONISM!"—The reader will recollect that we published, last week, an affecting extract from the St. Joe. News, relative to Judge Epperson. It appears that "Ep." had been to St. Joe, consulting with some of Guitars' understrappers, making complaint against Union neighbors. When he returned home, he proceeded to make out affidavits, (he is a Justice of the Peace, and does just as he likes over there,) against nearly every Union man in the Bottom, which he intended to forward to Guitars. Some of the Union men got wind of it, and went to pay "Ep." a friendly visit. He saw them coming, and broke for the timber, first casting his affidavits into the fire; and he is now a fugitive somewhere in the Bottom, among "Unconditional Union Democrats" like himself.

We are pleased to again welcome the Dayton, (O.) Journal among our exchanges, after an absence of three months. The Office was destroyed in the first popular outbreak of Vallandigham's "free speech" doctrine in Ohio. The Journal is now conducted by W. D. Bickham, late a popular war correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial. We are also glad to see the name of our old friend, Joe Reader, as local editor, and that he talks Union. We had feared that he belonged to that other concern, on Third Street, where they have none but those whose heads show the color of copper. No reflection on that head of your'n, Joe.

Capt. Canon, of the 4th Cavalry, M. S. M., has had a fight with Bushwhackers, somewhere between Lexington and Sedalia. Dead rebels were carried away by the wagon load, and wounded ones were tied on their horses and taken from the field. We'll bet the Captain himself furnished the statement. The only wonder to us is, how he can find room down there to bury all his dead! We guess he will be pretty soon sending home a cargo of the trophies of this great victory—such as horses, saddles, niggers, and "other articles too tedious to mention!"

A large majority of the citizens of Leavenworth have petitioned the President to countermand the order proclaiming martial law in that city, Ewing has left his post, and gone east to wire-pull for its continuance. In the meantime, the bushwhackers have again cut the telegraph wire, and threaten to kill any person who again attempts to repair it; and the guerrillas are murdering men within eight miles of Ewing's headquarters. If they were shrewd, they would be attended to; but—what a fine thing it is to have brains!

No BETTER PROOF REQUIRED.—It has not yet been publicly denied that the Chemical Balancers made by D. B. DeLand & Co., is all that its friends have claimed—that is a pure and wholesome article. This cannot be denied in face of the testimony of chemists and those best qualified to judge. For Sale by all Wholesale Grocers in Chicago.

The St. Louis papers publish a list of names of Missouri rebels captured at Vicksburg. It is a little singular, that about three-fourths of the names are French. But it is a fact, that the French in the United States are almost universally rebels. Those who are not, are but exceptions to the general rule.

Attention is called to the card of Capt. Thos. Stevenson, who is engaged in recruiting a Company for Maj. David's Battalion of the 14th Kansas Cavalry. Recruiting office at White Cloud and Highland.

PEDIGREE

Of a Sheep in Sheep's Clothing.

We are not in the habit of apologizing for anything which we may deem it our duty to publish; but in commencing this article, a few words of explanation may not be out of place. Some persons may say that, living in Kansas, we devote an unusual amount of space to Missouri affairs; and they may think, in this instance, that we are pitching in where no provocation has been offered. To this, we answer: The peace and prosperity of the borders of Missouri and Kansas depend upon the people of both States, and what interests one interests both. The loyal people of Holt County, Missouri, have for six years past extended to us a liberal patronage, and have time and again recognized us as an exponent of their sentiments, by ordering the publication of the proceedings of all their meetings in the Chief. They expect us to devote some attention to their interests, and we have endeavored not to disappoint them. Our sympathies are with the thorough-going radical loyalists of Missouri, and we shall omit no opportunity to give them a lift, or to warn them of breakers ahead. They are at the present moment engaged in a more serious struggle than any which has preceded it; for they are battling for a principle upon which they triumphed once at the ballot box, but were betrayed by those in whom they confided, and have now arrayed against them all their ancient enemies and many recent pretended friends. When we see attempts being made to deceive and ensnare these people, we shall do all in our power to "ventilate" those who are so engaged, whether they have offered us any personal provocation or not. We now proceed with the work in hand.

In the Winter of 1861-2, a man calling himself Rev. J. R. Watson, made his appearance at Glenwood, Iowa. He belonged to the denomination known as "Christians," which embraces many estimable members, but some of the big game preachers of which are the most miserable dogs that ever escaped hydropathy—wide Prince L. Hugin. Watson preached extensively through Mills County, making his headquarters with Union men in Glenwood. He represented that he had been driven from Kansas on account of his loyalty and devotion to law and order, which struck the people up there as being somewhat extraordinary; but they remembered the ancient troubles here, and thought there might be much of the old Border Ruffian leaven remaining. [Can any person in this State inform us where he resided in Kansas, why he left, or furnish any other item concerning him?] What was still more singular, the man who had been exiled from Kansas on account of his loyal principles, would not speak a word of politics in Iowa, which was by no means satisfactory to his new friends; but this was attributed to his extremely conscientious scruples, as he had been frequently heard to declare that he did not believe a Christian should express his preference for any party, not even so much as by casting a vote!

But "Rev." Watson had a "winning way" about him, and intimated, one day, that he would like to edit a paper, as he could do much in "his line," in that way. What "his line" was, will appear more plainly as this article progresses. Certain Union men in Glenwood, who believed him to be one, notwithstanding his "conscientious scruples," had charge of an idle press, and at once set about negotiating for him with the owner of the press. It was arranged that he was to pay something over \$700 for the office, for which he gave his note, due in two years, with interest, backed by three good, responsible sureties, members of his Church. About the first of April, (All Fools' Day,) 1862, Watson was installed as editor of the "Glenwood Era." From the very beginning, the editorial department exhibited a sublime weakness; but Union men helped him along, by contributing articles, and exerted themselves to extend his circulation, although feeling vexed at his persistent "neutrality;" but they submitted to it, out of respect for his "conscience." For the active part they took, the Union men were bitterly abused by the Copperheads, who (Copperheads as they were) could not fail to observe the inexplicable weakness of the concern. But Watson's "conscience" at length began to yield, and the cloven-foot began to show itself. There was an extensive vein of copper close by. Copperheads began to think he was not so bad a man, after all, and gradually drew towards him. The Union men as gradually drew off. But Watson had their subscriptions and their money for one year; and now, if he could secure the Copperhead patronage, it would be a good thing—in "his line."

So matters progressed, until March last, when a Mills County Secessionist robbed a widow in Fremont County of \$360—\$150 of which amount was found in his possession. He was tried before a magistrate, by a jury of Fremont County Secessionists, who acquitted him, notwithstanding the evidence against him, and the magistrate kept the money until the final trial. A meeting was held at Glenwood, composed of about 75 of the most respectable citizens, of all parties, who quietly gave the accused ten days' notice to leave; and they also, without using force, took the money from the magistrate, and gave it to the son of the

widow—then adjourned, to meet in eleven days. At the appointed time, 200 to 250 of the most respectable and influential men in the County met, and quietly ratified the proceedings of the former meeting. In the meantime, conscientious, anti-politician Watson had come down furiously on the first meeting, in his paper, denouncing it as a mob, a flagrant violation of law, and a usurpation of power—something which he had never done in relation to Jeff. Davis and the Southern Confederacy. He denounced all who had anything to do with the affair, as Black Republican, Abolition, nigger-stealing, civil war makers—said that he had once suffered at the hands of a mob himself, and knew how it went. Therefore, at the last meeting, some resolutions were offered, denouncing him as a traitor, unworthy of the patronage of Union men. Watson was present; and after discussing the resolutions, and freely expressing his opinion of him, the meeting supposed the hint would be sufficient to shame him into decency, and therefore the resolutions were withdrawn, without being put to vote. But they were mistaken. He claimed that he had frightened the meeting into withdrawing them, and straightway went deeper into the dirt than ever. He abused, personally, all Republicans and Union men; declared himself a Democrat of the "Peace" school; actually stated, at one time, that Vallandigham would be a suitable candidate for the Presidency, in 1864; and wrote a strong (for him) article in opposition to the Secession act, heading it "The Poor Man's Draft"—appealing to the people to know whether they would tamely submit to the yoke of tyranny that was thus about to be thrust on their necks, and calling upon them to arise and hurl from power the tyrants and despots who were now doing all they could to enslave them. The more respectable portion of the Copperheads became disgusted with him, and his intimate friends and associates were confined to a few low, mean, trifling men, socially and politically—all traitors.

One of Watson's sureties for the payment of the note given for the press, a respectable and prominent citizen, now went to him and told him he desired to be released. Watson wanted to know the reason. The other replied, that when W. took the press, he pledged himself to publish a Union paper, and that he was then his friend; but by the course he had taken, he had forfeited his friendship, as well as that of all other Union men; and that, having "swapped" off his old and tried friends for another class, he supposed the latter would accommodate him as he had once done. Watson replied that he would not release him; that he had him now where he wanted him, and intended to hold him there. Watson having given his sureties a mortgage on the press, at the time of purchase, (which, under the laws of Iowa, entitles the mortgagee to the possession of personal property,) the gentleman referred to demanded possession of it. Watson refused to deliver it, and the gentleman at once repudiated it, to secure himself against liability on the note. The press was left for a few days, by the officer of the law, in the room where he found it, with Watson's consent, and assurance that it should not be touched while in the custody of the law. But notwithstanding this promise, he at midnight struck off a half-sheet, and thus availed himself of the last opportunity to most cowardly and shamefully abuse the gentleman who had taken the press to secure himself—who was a member of Watson's own Church, had once done him a great favor, and is esteemed an honest, upright citizen. In the same article, he also poured out all the filth that his foul heart could generate, upon the heads of other citizens of Glenwood, who had incurred his displeasure. But no one paid the slightest attention to this tirade, as he had fallen so low that all men who had any respect for themselves began to avoid and discountenance him.

Watson next took to playing the fiddle, dancing and carousing in his room, with a few pettifogging Secessionists, until a late hour of the night. Some persons assert that he also drank, but we are not sufficiently positive on this point to speak with certainty. The public can form their own opinion, from his other conduct, and from the fact that he had been heard to say, with apparent pleasure, that he had once run horses, gambled, etc. After his press was out of his hands, he lay around for several weeks, doing nothing, and boarding with the only man in the County who openly declared his sympathy with the rebellion. His Church members denounced him, almost to a unit. He about the same time joined the Democratic Club, which was as disloyal as Jeff. Davis himself, or even Vallandigham; became an ardent politician, and declared his open hostility to the war, and every act to suppress the rebellion. This reader, was the same fellow who had been driven from Kansas on account of his loyalty, and who was so conscientious that he held it to be a sin even to vote or to mention politics!

Then came another phase in Watson's character. After the press was taken out of his hands, an effort was made by a few remaining friends to raise him money to purchase another. A note was executed for \$500 or \$600, which was signed by several of the most respectable, and on this note the money was borrowed of

a Scotch farmer. Others of his friends donated \$10 and \$15 each; and with some \$700 in his pocket, he started off to hunt up a press. But from some cause, he forgot to return, and also forgot to send the money back. Thus, as we have shown, he proved a traitor to his country; deceived Union men who trusted him, by throwing himself into the arms of Copperheads; and then ungratefully betrayed the latter, by swindling them out of a large sum of money which they had raised to assist him in resuming his business. He proved himself unworthy of the confidence of any class of people, from the best to the worst, and showed that he only used the friendship of others in order to deceive and betray them. His characteristics were foppish pride, religious bigotry, and perditional treachery.

But of what interest is all this to the Union people of Holt County? Perhaps a great deal. We now come to another chapter of the pedigree. In May last, a man calling himself Rev. J. R. Watson, made his appearance in Forest City; stating that he was a good Union man; had published a paper at Glenwood, Iowa; that the citizens of a mob, and he, being a law and order man, had published an article denouncing it, in consequence of which, some persons engaged in the mob, who held a deed of trust on his printing office, had shut it up; and now he was in search of another press. Precisely the same old story of having been driven away by a mob, on account of his law-abiding principles; and still sailing under false colors of Unionism! The owners of the press at Forest City refused to sell it to him, but offered to give him the use of it for one year, if he would publish an Administration paper there. This he consented to, provided his name should not appear in the paper! He had been publishing a political paper, for the Democratic party, and expected to revive it again, and could not publish both papers in his own name, as the sentiments of the two would be different! However, with \$700 of Copperheads' money in his pocket, he was willing to engage to publish an Administration paper for one year, while his doped friends were looking in vain for his return. It was finally agreed to publish the paper in the name of Dan. Zook & Co. Zook was to have entire control of the editorial department, and Watson of the local department, with the privilege of clipping from other papers matter not inconsistent with the policy of the Administration. This would just suit him, as the greater portion of his editorials, while at Glenwood, were clipped from other papers. We understand that a radical Union man was prevailed upon to get up the leading political editorials. Some folks may wonder what they wanted of Watson, whom they must by this time have known to be a political skunk, and whose principal duty was to clip from exchanges. It is beyond our power to explain the matter. "To a man up a tree," it looks queer.

The paper came out in the early part of July. Notwithstanding the promises given in the Prospectus and the Salutatory, that it was to be a staunch Administration paper, it struck the public as singular that nothing of a political character appeared in the paper for two or three issues. With the exception of a short editorial description of the country, soil, etc., the paper, outside and inside, was filled with "clippings," such as "Reflections on Death," "Thoughts in a Graveyard," and similar articles. The great victory at Gettysburg was confined to a brief space; and we cannot say whether the New York mob was even so much as mentioned, for we have not seen the paper since the second issue.

At the time of the recent Union meeting at Oregon, the Reverend "clippings" were there, boring the committee on resolutions to name his paper among the journals that were requested to publish the proceedings. But the committee didn't like the looks of the animal, and respectfully declined. From that day, the Sentinel has taken a political position. Some of the family squabbles of the concern have come to light through Watson's Copperhead cronies, who cannot keep from chuckling over them "out of the family." It seems that the radical editor had written an editorial, taking the same ground on the Emancipation question and the ordinance of the Convention, that the Oregon meeting did. This was submitted to the responsible editor, who endorsed it, and it was put in type for the third issue of the Sentinel. Watson, who had been absent, returned just as the paper was going to press, when he immediately threw out the article, declaring that "this Radical party must be put down," and that the paper should "publish nothing showing them any favor!" We presume that put a quiver upon the radical editor, as the paper forthwith took opposite ground from that assumed by the Oregon meeting, denounced Gen. Loan's speech, and has since been howling lustily for law and order, and exhorting the people to stand by the Provisional Government and Gov. Gamble. Watson is always in favor of law and order, when it is to protect Copperheads and traitors; and is as zealous for a Government, in proportion as that Government is opposed to freedom.

We have been lengthy in this article, in order to show the Union people of

Holt County the true history and character of the man who seeks to be their instructor, as far as we know anything of it himself. All we have said can be substantiated by the very best evidence. The Union men of Holt County asked permission to elect a Governor of their choice, in place of one chosen by a Copperhead Convention, and who is endeavoring to crush out the true Union sentiment. "Rev." Watson says they must be put down, and Gov. Gamble's authority sustained. The Union men demand that Slavery be abolished in the state, that it may no longer be a cause and a breeder of civil war. "Rev." Watson says they must be put down, and the ordinance sustained, which is intended to fasten Slavery upon the State forever, by postponing emancipation until all the rebels in the Southern army can return home and change the verdict. The Union men protest against Gamble and his tools tyrannizing over Union men, on account of their principles, and demand that a law shall be passed disfranchising the traitors who are engaged in murdering Union men. "Rev." Watson says their party must be put down, and the Gamble dynasty, with all its iniquities, sustained. The Union men of Missouri have a severe struggle before them, and those in Holt County need be in no doubt as to where to place "Rev." Watson in the fight. His ear-marks cannot be long concealed, and he will meet with the appreciation that he deserves.

For Dan. Zook we have none but the most friendly feelings. It is to be hoped he has penetration enough to see in what position his association with "Rev." Watson will place him. The notorious traitor and hypocrite will bring down the scorn, contempt and execrations of every true Union man and half-decent rebel upon the head of every man who associates with or countenances him; and when he quits them, he will leave a legacy of public odium, a sore pocket, and several huge "eye-teeth" cut. We do not thrust this in as gratuitous advice; but we merely request them to "stick a pin there."

We cannot close these remarks more appropriately than by republishing the following article, from an issue of the Des Moines State Register, in May last, showing what was thought of "Rev." Watson up there. We specially invite the attention of Administration men, of loyalists, of War Democrats, of everybody except the rankst traitors, to the closing extract, taken from Watson's paper, the Glenwood Era. That of itself would be sufficient to show exactly what the fellow is, without a word of comment:—

A Western Tory. During the opening months of the Rebellion, one Rev. J. R. Watson, a sorry combination of the Priest, the Lawyer, and the Fool, left Kansas for a home in Iowa. It is not certainly known by what process he was excluded from Kansas society; but it is known that he claimed to have left that intensely loyal State because of his proscriptive on account of his loyalty and devotion to the Union! It is rather an improbable story that a man should be driven from his home by a State whose people have rendered a noble and heroic service in the terrible calamities which have been visited on their heads by the Slave Power! It is easy to understand how the citizens of Kansas may proscribe and drive out from their midst a disunionist and a rebel sympathizer; but it is a slander on their noble name to charge that they have ever persecuted or expelled any man on account of his patriotism.

Rev. J. R. Watson immigrated to Iowa, and took up his abode in Glenwood, Mills County. He professed to be an exemplary Christian. He was extremely conscientious about everything. He even went so far as to state that a Minister of the Gospel should have no politics. He thought it unwise for a Minister to vote, or to do any other act which might indicate his preference for any party. He was burdened with a heavy pressure of conscientious scruples. A printing press was lying idle in Glenwood. It was the hands of Union men. Watson desired to publish a neutral paper. He considered it sacrilegious to conduct a political organ in these perilous times. The use of the press was turned over to him. He was installed as Editor, and went to work.

Time passed on, and the conscientious Editor began to reveal his cloven foot. The paper was a weakling from the beginning. For the life of him, the Editor could not rise above the dignity of an ordinary jack-ass; but so long as he kept within the bounds of common decency, he was tolerated by the Unionists who had helped him into business. The Reverend Scamp went from bad to worse. He began to indulge in the following coarse invectives toward the Republicans who had picked him up from the gutter of poverty and started him in business: "Infamous Scoundrel!" "Woolly dog!" "Abolition Ass!" "Nigger-stealing Demagogue!" Such are the epithets which the weak, sweet-scented, conscientious, evangelical Watson employs against men on whose bounty and patronage he has been living the life of a hypocrite for the past year. To show the efforts which he is making to stimulate open resistance to the draft, we copy the following from his pen, published in a recent number of the Glenwood Era:

"Extensive preparations are now being made to enforce the Conscription Act. Two hundred thousand men are to be called into the army. The old regulations are to be consolidated, and new ones are to be drafted in to fill deficiencies. How you think of what class of persons are these regulations to be made? Will the rich be among that number? No! Will capitalists be in the ranks? Not a bit of it. Will wealthy farmers join in the host? No! Will rich men's sons shoulder the musket? Not much! Who then will compose this few hundred thousand? Heavily, the answer, THE POOR! The poor alone, those who cannot raise three hundred dollars, with which to buy their freedom—the conscription price fixed by Congress. Two men of Mills County, look the facts in the face, you have no appeal; if drafted, you must go. If you had three hundred dollars, you might stay at home with the rich; but you have not the money, therefore stand forth, like devils, to your almost certain death, and weekly (if) how your souls receive the yoke. The rich will stay at home, revelling in luxury—the poor must risk their lives."

Another Chapter. Since the above was in type, we have

received some facts which compel us to add another chapter to the pedigree of our "hero." On the first Sunday in August, "Rev. J. R. Watson," according to appointment, arrived at Mound City, Holt County, to preach to his Campbellite brethren at that place. Mr. James Porter, a good Union man, brought down the flag of our country and stood it up against the pulpit, saying that it was expected of Mr. Watson that he would pray for the President of the United States, and preach under the flag. But his "Reverence," after consultation with some of his brethren, concluded that it might rain before he got home, and accordingly left without preaching! On the Tuesday following, the "Rev." Watson packed his trunk in his old buggy, harnessed in his fast horse, and left for parts unknown—probably never to return. But if he does, from what we have heard, he will meet with a fate which seems to follow him from place to place—he will find it wholesome to emigrate on account of his loyalty—to Jeff. Davis! But he will shortly turn up in some other locality, where he will go through the same old routine of humbugging and swindling the too credulous people—in "his line."

MORAL.—Beware of a professed Union man, who is too "conscientious" to speak a word in favor of the Union.

The Jeffersonian is informed that we are as willing to take as to give a joke; only we like to know when they are intended for jokes. A paper remarks that the editor of the Chief thinks thus and so. The Jeffersonian adds, "So does every thief in the country." If that is a way it has of joking, we are willing hereafter to laugh them off as heartily as any one. We are perfectly willing the Jeffersonian should accuse us of drowning our grandmother, of sucking eggs, or of being a Democrat, if it is only done as a joke!

THE DISTANCE TO TROY.—A couple of foot-sore pedestrians, the other day, on their way to Troy, stopped at a house by the wayside, to inquire the distance. "Well," replied the "good-wife," "Some call it eight miles, and others say it is only seven; but I'm thinking, this hot day, you'll find it six miles before you get there!"

SPREADING HIMSELF.—George F. Prescott, of the Leavenworth Bulletin, has been going it strong, at Perryburg, Ohio—been making a speech, telling the folks all about Kansas and Missouri, and how things are done up generally, out here. These Kansas editors will cut a splurge, when they get away from home.

The Leavenworth Times advertises Copperhead tokens, invites Missourians over to Leavenworth to catch their niggers, and grows whenever Ewing is touched. For Anthony to put the editor of such a paper in the calaboose, was an outrage—upon the other prisoners!

Thaddeus Stevens, one of the most thorough-going war men in Congress, was the heaviest sufferer by the rebel invasion of Pennsylvania, as they destroyed valuable iron-works owned by him, in York County. Thaddeus War talked, and Thaddeus War saw.

We learn that the friends of J. P. Johnson, having been well pleased with his course in the last Legislature, have determined to present his name, and cast their votes for him, from re-election as Representative for this District, at the ensuing November election.

Arthur's Home Magazine, for September, is received. The engravings are, "The Cleaners," and "The Letter." This No. contains several fine stories, and a liberal quantity of interesting miscellaneous matter. Published at Philadelphia, at \$2 a year.

H. Garbanati, Photographer, will be in Iowa City, after the present week, for about ten days, where an opportunity will be presented those desiring pictures taken, to have it done in the best style of art, and at low prices. See advertisement.

An unrolling officer in Connecticut, recently narrowly escaped a severe beating with a poker, in the hands of an Irish woman whose house he visited. He didn't fancy that game of draw poker.

If Morgan and his officers are to be taught trades, like other penitentiary convicts, we suggest that they learn shoemaking; then they can make themselves useful, when they return to Dixie.

It is said that the rebel Gen. Trimble lost a leg, an arm, and a hand, at the battle of Gettysburg. What a funny thing it would have been, had he lost an arm without the hand!

A Minnesota editor speaks of a visit from Little Crow. If the starvation reports from there be true, they will soon have visits from a good many big crows.

John Francis has discontinued the Otsego Mirror, in consequence of guerrilla troubles. We thought Ewing was going to stop that business so fast!

Since the Federals have taken Vicksburg, they ought to change its name, and call it, in honor of its late defender, Corinthburg.

The Grand Jury of Leavenworth County have promoted Ewing's detectives as witnesses and thieves, demanding abatement.

How to take Fort Wagner—Take it "by the right wheel."

Gen. Ewing. A great deal is just now being said about Gen. Ewing, for and against. The strong point of his partisans is, that he is a man of brains. Somehow, we never took much stock in Ewing, and therefore may not be a proper person to judge of his merits; but we doubt whether he has a great amount of brains to spare.—There are at least half a dozen better lawyers in the State—probably more, yet his *cleverness* boots at every person who in disagreeing with Ewing's proceedings, refer him to law. The best thing about Ewing, is the accident of his being the son of Tom Ewing, of Ohio. Had it not been for this circumstance, he would stand upon a level with other very ordinary men. His chief characteristic, (we may say his only one,) is his inordinate selfishness. Take that principle from Ewing, and there would be no more left of him than there would be of a clap of thunder after the noise was extracted.—His every movement is made with an eye single to self. His beau ideal of a great man, is Ewing. Politically, he is a foggy Conservative. He wanted to help in famous old Medary to hunt down Montgomery and Jenison, who were defeating the border from Missouri ruffians, before the war commenced. As a member of the Border State Convention, he was in favor of granting the rebels all they asked for, in order to pacify them. He joined with Gov. Robinson in making war upon Jim Lane, in the hope of being elected to the United States Senate. Then he turned around and assisted Lane in making out an impeachment against Gov. Robinson, because Lane had intimated that he intended to leave the Senate and go into the army, and felt disposed to favor Ewing as his successor. That having failed, Ewing figured for a military position, and in his greed for office, held on to the Supreme Judgeship just long enough to prevent the election of a successor by the people, and throwing the office into the hands of one who was not the people's choice. Through some means, (the Lord and a few wire-workers only know how,) he was promoted to a Brigadier Generalship. By some strange influence, Gamble & Co. obtained control of military affairs in Missouri, and immediately set about perfecting a favorite policy, the principal features of which were, to protect rebels from the vengeance of loyal men, and to catch and return fugitive slaves. They say their object is to suppress stealing—that is, negroes stealing themselves, their wives and children from their rebel masters. It is a somewhat significant fact, that when Gamble's military revolution was going on, Gen. Ewing was, through the same influence, appointed commander on the border, and that he forthwith commenced issuing his *bulls* against "stealing;" and a couple of his secret detectives were discovered in Leavenworth in the act of kidnapping negroes. Mayor Anthony quickly nipped this in the bud; but Ewing, being in power, and having an army at his back, nipped Anthony in the bud, by placing Leavenworth under martial law. It was also a fine opportunity to take revenge upon Anthony, who never belonged to the Ewing party.—Self, treachery, and revenge, are pets with Ewing. Gen. Blunt had undertaken to put down stealing; and to effect this, he hung the thieves. For doing this, certain functionaries entered a complaint against him, and had him deposed.—Ewing was put in his place, who forthwith announced that his principal mission was to put down stealing by force of arms. To accomplish this, will he not have to do exactly as Blunt did—kill the thieves? A day of eye-opening will presently come around, when it will be discovered that all this has been a political manoeuvre, for the benefit of a certain "set;" and then some of the individuals who are now licking the dust from Ewing's feet, and quoting all his commonplace talk and designing gammon as the quintessence of eloquence, will be loud in their denunciations of him. We advise them to go slow, then they will find it much easier to make a short turn.

Josh Billings, the author of the celebrated "Proverbs of the Billings Family," which are now having an extensive run in the papers, has a brother in Topeka, who keeps a family grocery. The Tribune office is on one side of his establishment, and the Record office on the other. Therefore, when the two editors pitch into each other, after their peculiar style, it is figuratively said they are engaged at Billings' gate.

There is a prospect of an interesting race in this Representative District. J. P. Johnson is on the track for re-election; and this week, the name of Kit Williams is announced as a candidate for the same position.

Shackelford is an unpleasant name to Morgan's raiders. They were anxious to find a ford, but don't relish the shackles.

Some one says that Gen. Meade is easily approached. Perhaps Gen. Lee thinks that he is also easily reached from the back.

Vallandigham should be drafted, would he go himself, send a substitute, or plead exemption as an alien?

The best cause for exemption of drafted men, of any recognized by the law, is piles—piles of green-backs.